

## BY AUTHORITY.



## Interior Department.

ANAKERIA KAUIHI,  
HAUPU, and  
J. W. OPUNUI

Have this day been appointed Commissioners of  
Private Ways and Water Rights for the District of  
Kaua and Waiānana, Island of Oahu, vice

A. KAOLIKO,  
G. M. KEONE, and  
J. K. KAANAANA, resigned.

CHAS. T. GULICK,  
Minister of Interior.  
Honolulu, Sept. 10, 1884. sc16-w3t

## Pound Notice.

I have this day commissioned J. Kauahipani as  
Keeper of the Pound for Astrays at Kaneohe,  
Hamakua, Hawaii.

POOMAKELANI,  
Governor of Hawaii.  
Hilo, Sept. 2, 1884. sc16-w3t

THE PACIFIC  
COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Tuesday, Sept. 16, 1884.

## THE SANITATION OF THE CITY.

The sanitation of Honolulu is a subject which is greatly talked about, but very little has at any time been done to promote it. The Agent of the Board of Health, Captain John H. Brown, does what he can towards keeping the city clean. But for the work done by his men and their carts, it is very likely that we should have an annual visitation of sickness that would alarm the inhabitants of Honolulu sufficiently to make them combine to bring pressure to bear on the Government which would lead to something being done. Meanwhile, though it is now some years since our sickly season was so severe as to create a general feeling of uneasiness, it certainly recurs every year with more or less severity. We may be said to be only in the midst of it at the present time, and already some valuable lives have fallen victims to the impurities of Honolulu air. Something ought to be done, or at least begun, to ameliorate the condition of affairs. But what? The question is a very difficult one. Experts differ as to the value of each and every remedy which suggests itself. It is, therefore, not a very astonishing thing that, with all the talk, nothing has hitherto been attempted towards the sanitation of the city.

There are cities in the world in which schemes of sanitation have been put in force with absolute success, but they are very few in number, and in each of them, so far as we know, a different system has been tried. In a very few, where natural circumstances are favorable, a complete system of sewers, periodically flushed and cleansed, has proved successful. As a rule, however, sewers have proved far from being so useful for sanitary purposes as it used to be assumed that they must be. They have, instead, become factories of foul gas, more deadly than that which would have arisen from the decomposition in wider spaces of the materials they are made to carry away. We have great doubt as to the success of sewers here from a sanitary point of view, however useful they might be in some localities for purposes of mere drainage. The question of cost is also against them; no system of sewerage worthy of the name could be constructed in Honolulu, except at a very large cost. That, however, is a minor question, and if a certain number of lives could be saved each year we need not grudge the expense. The real objection to sewers lies in the doubt whether they could be kept pure—whether they would not become the parents of disease instead of aiding to check it. Our conviction is, that some other method of sanitation will have to be chosen for Honolulu.

## VOLCANO.

Our correspondent, "Orinthorhynchus," had a good deal to say about the Volcano House yesterday. We have enquired into the matter since, and understand that any one going there must really take with him

what he requires in the way of luxuries. It is best to pack them conveniently, so that they can be taken up on a mule's back, and in that way the visitor to the volcano can enjoy pate de foie gras, claret, canned turtle soup or anything else he may wish for from an oyster up to a bottle of champagne. We agree with our correspondent, however, that there should be better accommodations at the volcano, and that the charge of \$5 per diem for coarse wild pig and poor food is exorbitant and utterly unjust. We think that if the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company know anything about their best interests, they will secure possession of the Volcano House, attend to the comfort of guests and make the trip for those who desire to witness the magnificent spectacle of the Pele, devoid of discomfort. Hundreds of Honoluluans would go to the Volcano if they were assured of a comfortable trip from first to last.

## KATHOLIKOS.

An "Enquirer" is informed that we cannot publish his letter. If Mr. Cruzan occasionally uses a slang phrase, such as a "dead-beat," it is all right. We all know to our sorrow from time to time, what the word means. We are glad to have heard from our correspondent, because it gives us a chance to say that they will guarantee that every Catholic in this city will endorse the two last sermons of Mr. Cruzan, and, for the matter of that, every God-fearing man in the city. Such language as Mr. Cruzan used last Sunday appeals to Jew, Protestant and Catholic alike. The ADVERTISER is indifferent as to whether the language came from his own brains or those of someone else. But the lecture might have been preached from any pulpit in the world. It was true, right from the heart, and, in a general sense *Katholikos*.

## REQUIEMS.

The "Aloha Oe" is a very pretty air. It is not Hawaiian, as many people suppose, but is, nevertheless, touching. We object to it, however, because it seems to be the only melody that anybody knows here. And we do not understand why, as the San Francisco steamer goes slowly out to sea, that melancholy air should be inflicted on those who are going to the coast, and on those who are left behind. There is no necessity of ringing in a lot of musical instrumentality when friends are parting. It is quite rough enough on the average mortal to see his friends going off 2000 miles and more without having to listen to dirges. The "Hawaii Pono" we do not object to, even if it is "God Save the Queen" turned upside down, with some slight alterations. If the steamers have to be fitted out with musical send-offs, at least, they should not be "requiems."

## A BATH-HOUSE NEEDED.

We have often been asked why we cannot have a good bath-house in Honolulu. All we want is a nice salt-water bath as close to the business part of the city as is possible. There should be fresh-water showers attached, and decent rooms in which to disrobe. Salt-water bathing is a necessity here; fresh water does not seem to have any beneficial effect. A bath might be built near the landing wharf of the Immigration Depot. There is a good sandy bottom there, and the water shoals off gradually from a depth of one foot to seventeen or eighteen. Even without any conveniences, a large number of our mechanics and clerks avail themselves of this resort daily with greatly beneficial results. It is a far finer place to swim in than Waikiki, and we should like to see a bathing-house there. Our mite is ready.

OUR genial contemporary, the *Bulletin* speaks last night of the oyster being the "gravest fish" extant. Hitherto we had imagined that the oyster was a mollusk and bivalve and that he got his name from the Greek word "osteon"—bone—; and acephal or conchifer, as it were. We may be all wrong, but we are open to correction at the merciful hands of our contemporary.

## A TOUCHING TALE.

We publish elsewhere a yarn written by some man named Benedick, or rather given by him as a sensation to an Idaho paper. It would be serious if it were not so ludicrous. According to this writer, who must be a glorious combination of a liar, a fool and an idiot, there are 80,000 Americans in these islands held in the bonds of slavery, fed on raw fish and rice and fined ten days' wages every time they go to work. The only trouble about the article is that it is not complete enough. Mr. Benedick should have added that all plantation hands are bastinadoed every time they sneeze and branded with a hot iron for the slightest dereliction of duty. Further, that every planter keeps a private gallows and a harem. We have also yet to learn that Mr. Jones is a Methodist minister. He is a mighty hard worker among young men, and one of the most sterling men on Oahu, but we imagined hitherto that he was the representative of Brewer & Co. We believe it necessary to expose such a foul tissue of lies, although no one in America, as a rule, believes yarns which would make Munchausen blush. Mr. Benedick's yarn is the dimmest *potpourri* of falsehoods that we ever came across.

## NO NEW THING.

The devouring of the flesh of the dead members of the Greeley expedition, horrible as it is, is probably true. It is no new thing. All of us have read of the sufferings of sailors without water in open boats who, delirious from exhaustion, have done the same thing. We see no need for Congressional investigation. When a man like Henry was shot for grabbing rations, the party must have been in a fearful condition, and believing that they had come to the *ultima thule* of life thought only of self-preservation. As long as expeditions to the North Pole are fitted out, and men are left to freeze and starve, we shall hear the same story. There are places in the world yet where a baby is as much of a luxury to cannibals as a sucking-pig to a Christian. Happily, through missionary efforts, such places are now scarce, but most of can remember reading of the Suttee in India, and we believe that is carried on in the interior of that country yet, and that many a widow yet ascends the funeral pyre of her husband to voluntarily be burnt to death. Alone in the dark Arctic, perishing inch by inch, it is not hard to picture the unfortunate men feeding on their dead comrades. Before they should be condemned for cannibalism, their fearful and desperate situation should be fully considered.

## RUM.

Pastor Cruzan preached last Friday on the evils of intemperance. Perhaps it would be better to say that he lectured, for a sermon implies a discourse on sacred things, and matters which are of import to those who are trying to lead Christian lives. Anticipating his subject, we took statistics of the saloons here. Unless we err, there are fourteen. This is a seaport town, and Jack will have a drink when he comes ashore. The only trouble with him is, that he invariably hunts the lowest groggery in the city, and gets two bits' worth of poison, when he might just as well take a stimulant for the same price at a first-class establishment. It is so in every seaport—Liverpool, Hull, New York, San Francisco, and London. The sermon of Mr. Cruzan is excellent in its ethics, but he must preach many more before he breaks up "Rum." Men equally enthusiastic are trying to do this all the world over, and the world asks *cui bono?*

## Mariposa Passengers.

Among those down to depart by the S. S. Mariposa on Monday next are the following: Mrs. M. A. Wallace and daughter, Miss A. Emerick, Mrs. C. J. Fishel and two children, Miss M. E. Jones, Prof. H. M. Alexander, W. D. Alexander, J. D. Spreckels and family, Asa Harker & wife, His Ex. R. M. Daggett & wife, Dan O'Connell and family, Dr. J. Mott Smith, J. W. Macfie. Mrs. D. A. McKinley and daughter, Mr. Coffee, Hon. L. Aholo, Mrs. Mary A. Paty, D. H. Brown and wife, Miss Kate Grey, Toney C. Afong, Emlene M. Afong, W. M. Tucker, William McCartney, J. T. McCrosson, Paul Isenberg and W. Greig.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the statements made, or opinions expressed by our correspondents.

The leading article in the *Daily Hawaiian* of the 13th deserves an answer from an abler pen than mine, but I will try to truthfully answer one of the most scurrilous lies ever written. To quote the words, "those who have traveled by the old tubs, such as the Idaho, Ajax, Nevada, Nebraska, \* \* \* regretted being allured by the advertisement of a 'steamer,' and wished they had stuck to the sailing ships." This I maintain is a lie, and it can be proven to be such right here in Honolulu.

No better vessels, in any ocean, than the Nevada and Nebraska, ever turned a wheel. They were well officered, equipped and manned. No boats were ever furnished better, had better food, or had it better cooked, excepting when they had to rely on Colonial cooks and stewards. No storms were so steady as during the thirteen or fourteen months the Nebraska was on this line, yet the "racks" were on the tables but once, and that was off New Zealand. They both, Nevada and Nebraska, encountered the heaviest gales ever known on a heavy coast. The behavior of the Nebraska elicited the greatest praise, publicly expressed by the then Governor of New Zealand, who was a passenger.

The boats running from Auckland to the southern ports were deserted when the Nevada or Nebraska were on the berth. There are plenty of people here who will vouch for the above.

Had the writer mentioned the Wonga Wonga, Cyphrenes, McGregor, Mikado, etc., he would have been truthful, but the colors prevented that. During the time the Nebraska ran here she was not detained an hour for repairs, and averaged 11½ miles an hour for over 13 months, and the Nevada was still faster.

It makes those who know laugh when such boats as these are called "old tubs." Does he remember when the McGregor came in here from the colonies, that all the passengers came ashore and held an indignation meeting on the wharf, and refused to go to sea again in her until she had been cleaned, and how prisoners were detailed to do it? As she was so filthy no others could be obtained to do it. How the filth was shoveled up from the quarter deck? Was the like ever known on board of one of the "old tubs," or any American vessel? Compare any American vessel, merchant or naval, with the corresponding British vessel, and it will not need a telescope to tell the difference.

Not only that, but compare the dirt eating of the *Daily Hawaiian* now with the vituperations of a few months ago, and all this from "the only American paper in Honolulu." Bah! But somebody intends to go to San Francisco soon, and perhaps wants a pass.

## A Trip to the Volcano.

MR. EDITOR—Sir: Previous to starting on my little run to Hawaii and its volcano I was struck, on inquiry, with the slight knowledge to be gathered in Honolulu as to time, distance, stopping places, etc. I therefore venture to hope that some information as to the route may be deemed acceptable by your readers. To all tourists I would recommend the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Co. line, and I unhesitatingly say that from the time we placed ourselves in the charge of that company until we were delivered to the tender mercies of the proprietor of the Volcano House, and on our return journey, our comfort, safety and welfare was attended to in a manner beyond complaint. We left Honolulu Tuesday, 22d August, reaching Punaluu at 6 o'clock in the morning of the 24th. During the voyage the kindness of Captain Bates, with the attention of the stewards, rendered the journey pleasant to the well and endurable to the sick. Arrived there, we were met by the genial and energetic Peter Lee, who gave us a glorious bath, a good breakfast and a hearty send-off. After two hours rest in all the beauty of a summer morning, we went away up the hills on the mule cars to Pahala Plantation, and the tired and jaded resident of Honolulu felt health and comfort stealing over him with every foot of elevation that the mules under Charlie's careful driving were making. Right through the cane field and up to the mill by 9 A. M. Honest Hans met us, and in the four-horse bus we got over a slightly undulating country, which means that during a space of three hours there was a space of three inches between you and the seat. It was one of the ups and downs in life. By 12 M. we reached the Half-Way House, a nice, cool, well-built house, where a good, well-cooked meal with all the necessities that the hot and tired traveler requires, awaited us, and also a most needful two hours rest. Then Hans put us in the saddle, judiciously selected those beasts most fit for the ladies. His care for his party is beyond all praise. So we started, and after three and one-half hours stiff riding up the mountain, at 5:30 we reached the Volcano House, 4600 feet above the level of the sea. To describe the scenery on the volcano is not in my power. Its grandeur, its immensity and its beauty are far beyond the limits of any pen. I simply aim to instruct those who may

wish to go as to the time, distance, difficulties and necessities of the route. On arrival we were met by the landlord, not hat in hand, but pipe in mouth, and I venture to say that from then until we left I never saw him otherwise.

We ate, we rested, we warmed ourselves, we slept, we awakened, rose and enjoyed the glorious fresh, bracing air; went down to the Sulphur Bath and returned to the house. The dining-room was large, the cook stove was large, our appetites were large. The sound of the breakfast bell in the clear frosty air was large. Some of the plates were large, but—where was the food? To the man who has lived years in Honolulu and found that no dainty can tempt his jaded appetite to wake up and discover that his boyhood appetite has returned and that life seems once more to dawn upon him in all the intensity of its freshness is something to be felt at the Volcano House, but to find that you are suddenly sent to a cheap boarding-school, where bread and scraps are the main standbys of the establishment, under such circumstances is rough on your corns. What we, a party of seven, did have to eat for five meals I will not say, but what we did not get I will enumerate, and, if after careful perusal, you can name our food you will solve a riddle.

No beef, mutton, lamb, veal, fish, soup, tinned meat, ham, bacon, eggs, tongue, salt meat, pork, Irish potatoes, carrots, turnips or fresh vegetable, chicken, duck, turkey, goose, fruit fresh or canned, cheese, crackers, pickles, wines, beers, spirits, ginger ale, soda, lemonade, and finally I would say to tourists don't do as I did and take warm clothing for your outer man, but take something to eat and drink, and you will find that a full stomach is better than a warm wrap. Regardless of the hotel accommodation, I say, go by all means, go if you want health or pleasure or knowledge or to see the grandest sight that ever came under your notice. And if you do get there please write in the Visitor's Book these lines:

Who'er it be that tarry here, I pity sore his case,  
Unless he be content to feed on fumes of  
Pele's face.

There is nothing here but native sloth and  
native cold and hunger,  
And if the Lord hath sent him here 'twas  
surely in his anger.

ORINTHORHYNCHUS.

## Pilot McIntyre.

MR. EDITOR—Statements disparaging to Capt. McIntyre in connection with the stranding of the *El Dorado* have appeared in one of your contemporaries. Being personally acquainted with some of the circumstances on which these statements are founded, I have no hesitation in declaring them to be groundless. I went out to sea with the S. S. Australia and returned to shore in the pilot boat with Captain Shepherd, arriving at the landing at 6 P. M. on Saturday. Captain McIntyre was awaiting the arrival of the boat, expecting to go out to the vessel, which had been reported as coming down the channel. He was greeted with an assurance from the crew of the boat that he would not get to the vessel that night. This was confirmed by Capt. Shepherd, who informed Capt. McIntyre that up to the time of his leaving the bridge of the Australia the vessel was not in sight. The *El Dorado* was certainly not in sight as we pulled in from the steamer, and as it must have been fully 5:45 P. M. when we left her, those whose sharp eyes are reported to have seen her from the dock at that time must have seen round a corner. There was absolutely no wind apparent when we came through the channel, and it seems to me to have been quite natural that no one should have expected the *El Dorado* to make the port that evening before dark.

J. S. WHEE.

## The Hecla Plantation.

We notice that a contemporary has the following: "In the Supreme Court yesterday the deposition of M. Neisser was taken before Associate Justice Austin, at the instance of John Fowler & Co., of Leeds, England, in the matter of the ownership of certain railroad property on the Hecla plantation, Oahu. The firm is represented by George W. Macfarlane & Co., and it claims ownership of the railroad material, and that the same is now in possession of Oscar Unna, receiver of the plantation. The other parties interested are the Hecla Sugar Company, Charles M. Cooke and A. Kennedy, of Belfast, Ireland. The deposition is not made public."

It is likely that this suit will result in bringing about a foreclosure and sale of this valuable plantation. The mortgages and claims at present existing are as follows: Paul Isenberg, 1st mortgage, \$30,000; G. W. Macfarlane & Co., 2nd mortgage, \$40,000; Dr. Kennedy, 3d mortgage \$48,000; M. S. Grinbaum & Company, book debt, \$60,000; Hecla Sugar Company, of San Francisco, is a creditor to the amount of \$45,000, and the lien on railroad, locomotives, and cars is due to J. Fowler & Co., and amounts to \$18,000. The total indebtedness of the Plantation is about \$233,000.